The killing moon

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The killing moon

by det395

Summary

Will starts to feel hunted at night while he sleeps, but he can never anticipate the thing that finally comes for him.

Notes

written for my beloved folie a deux server (https://discord.gg/JE7K8Y5E) Ten Days of Horror fest! this is the first of three fics I have written for the fest and today's prompt is Creature Feature which I am commemorating with some monster fucking 💖 this would probably also fit in insatiable appetites but i have something im sa-vore-ing for that day.

I have also included two of my bingo squares: Predator and Extreme Pregnancy!

heed the tags, this fic pretty much centres around repeated rape, but i hope you enjoy it if that tickles your fancy like it does mine.

Chapter 1

Will falls off his chair.

He's immediately taken back to all of his grade school teachers and his own dad telling him that if he keeps leaning his chair back, he's going to fall and give himself a concussion one day.

It seems that he's finally a victim to fate and his own stubbornness. He hits his head on the window ledge and crumples on the wooden porch floor. He's almost more peeved that the indulgent four fingers of whisky he was cradling to his chest splashes all over his chest and face, burning into his eyes.

He rolls off his toppled chair, blinking rapidly and wiping his face with his sleeve. The dogs waste no time in standing at the ready and sniffing curiously at his face as to say *what the hell are you doing, Dad?*

He pushes them away so that he can clamber to his feet, frowning bashfully. Perhaps he should consider if he's following after his dad in alcoholism disorder too, but he thinks he can keep convincing himself it's sleep deprivation.

Will knows he's avoiding moving to his bed and now he's finally paid the price, dozing off while still precariously balanced on his wooden spindle chair, drawing out his nightcap way longer into the night than he responsibly should.

Before he can drag his ass and his wounded dignity back inside, he looks out into the woods lining his property. He rights his chair and looks side to side at the dark horizon.

It almost feels like he's not alone out here these nights, but that's a paranoia he doesn't want to give too much weight to. He'll be damned if he starts believing his perceptiveness can notice monsters lurking in the dark. It's a child's fear and Doctor Lecter would listen to it with that vaguely amused and certainly entertained smile.

He limps stiffly inside, locks the doors, and washes the sticky whiskey off his face.

He doesn't even remember his dreams these days, but he wakes up with the sense that he's been hunted. It's unsettling, to say the least, and between that and the bouts of headaches, fevers, and aches in daily life, it's hard doing much of anything anymore.

The loneliness is almost more unbearable these days, if only because he'd like to feel safe for once. Even if that means the artificial security of arms around him.

He collapses down into bed equal parts relieved and dreading. He can't go without sleep forever.

As if to show him how true that statement is, sleep overtakes him rapidly and everything goes dark and heavy.

Will wakes with a gasp. Something is in his house.

He's uncomfortably glazed in his own sweat and the remnants of a nightmare. His analog clock tells him its 1:17 AM.

Something? He needs to be rational. Is he having a panic attack? The rapid and unprompted beating of his heart suggests so. It wouldn't be surprising after a night terror, even though he can't remember what he saw right now.

But if this is his instincts, he'd better listen to them.

He rolls off the bed and lands quietly on his fingers and toes. He army crawls under his bed and peers out the sides for footsteps or any other evidence of someone here. The dogs are alert and curious but could that just be because he's awake? Awake and uncharacteristically hiding under the bed like a scared child.

Like how Georgia Madchen did, looking for someone to help her.

Then there he sees it, a movement in the darkness. Right by his dogs. Two pitch black poles rising higher than his view under the bed allows him to see. It must have been there before, just too dark for him to notice.

They come closer. Walking. Long and spiry and rough, like no human legs he's seen.

It stops just before his bed. His hiding place no longer offers any sense of security. It knows where he is, Will is certain.

The thing kneels down on one knee, exposing the bottom of an unnaturally thick and hard-muscled thigh, just as charcoal black as the rest of it.

It's weight presses to the side and Will knows its leaning down to look under the bed.

It's not real. An inhuman creature like this one? It has to be another figment of his imagination, all of which are growing more and more vivid by the day. In fact, what he's seeing right now is kind of familiar. Like deja vu, an unsettling sense of recognition that in this case brings dread and panic like he's never known before.

He needs to wake up. He needs to get a hold of himself. Call Hannibal, figure out what the ever-loving fuck is wrong with him, and stop it. He'll take pills, subject himself to more therapy, even quit. Just so long as there isn't really a monster leaning down and lifting up his fallen down duvet to peer at him.

He sees what looks to be an antler first, curved and spindly with spear-sharp ends before a head with shining eyes like hot coal ducks down and peers at him.

Hungry and unfeeling. *Associations come fast*, he hears in his head. It's hunting and it's going to be ruthless.

Will scrambles backwards further under the bed but an unbelievably long arm shoots out and grabs the back of his neck with cutting claws before he can go far. It yanks him out from under in one long pull with the squeak of his sweaty skin sliding across the floor.

Will yelps, instinctively turning away from the grotesque face that just isn't human enough.

He struggles with all he's got, growling and kicking until he can rip away from the grip. He clambers up off of the floor and runs right into the front door with his speed. He rips it open a moment later and lunges off the porch and into the dark of the night.

He puts a hand on the back of his neck and warm, sticky blood comes away where the claws were digging into his neck, leaving a sharp burning in their wake.

He hears a stomping noise on his porch. The monster coming after him.

Will runs as fast as he can even as rocks and weeds stab the bottom of his bare feet, pumping his arms and gasping in air. He nearly trips over uneven ground but rights himself with long leaps forward before he can face-plant. There's no time to waste. It's right on his tail.

This doesn't feel like a hallucination, it feels utterly and vividly real and he's worried he already knows what comes next.

He runs past the line of the trees, jumping over protruding roots and around trees. It makes him slow down and he lurches at the knowledge, at the sound of rustling ground right behind him—

It hits hard against him from behind, throwing Will forward. He doesn't have time to try to catch himself before he's pummelling face first into the ground with the thing landing on his back. It feels like he's had a piano dropped on him in a shitty cartoon except he's certain he won't pop up with a mere goose egg after this. His breath escapes him completely and he thinks he feels a rib crack below the titanium weight on his spine.

He coughs desperately and then gets a fistful of grass and tries to pull himself forward. The grass rips out of the ground at the muddy root and he doesn't move an inch. It feels like his rib cage has collapsed and crushed his lungs in a vice cage.

The monster pushes itself up and grabs Will's hips.

It turns Will over onto his back. The easily manhandling is proof of how strong the creature is, and just like that, Will's hope dwindles.

He squeezes his eyes tight. He doesn't want to look at the monster, but there have been many things he hasn't wanted to look at in his life. What he sees changes him, but he's only putting off the inevitable.

He opens his eyes.

It's hard to see many of its features in the dark, but its eyes still shine with that ravenous hunger. Its cheeks stick out stark against the sky above, so sharp it's like the bones could cut through skin. The antlers reach high above its head and Will has no doubt that *they* would impale him in a second.

The expression on the creature's face is almost satisfied, like it's happy that Will is looking back at it.

It lifts a hand and Will's eyes flutter closed, flinching in anticipation of the pain that's surely to come. The hand lands on either side of his jaw, squeezing his cheeks uncomfortably tight and pressing between his jaw until Will opens his mouth with a groan.

The creature leans down and lets a thick line of spit drip out of its mouth and into Will's.

He tries to turn his head away but the creature has him in a vice grip. The taste is pungent when it hits his tongue. It burns like he's drank rubbing alcohol and it coats his mouth like phlegm. He coughs, chokes, and the creature still doesn't let go. Waiting. Will finally gives in and swallows back to clear his throat.

And then he remembers.

Will struggles with a new fervour, shrieking past the substance filling his mouth. This isn't the first time this creature has caught him—it isn't even the dozenth time. Why does he forget again and again, waking up in the morning like he hasn't been haunted by this nightmare for the last few months? Ever since Jack came into his lecture hall, it's been hunting him ruthlessly.

It is a cruel predator that releases its prey just to hunt it again. Like a cat playing with its food for hours upon hours, except it's already been much, much longer than that.

Will sobs. It's too much to remember so much horror all at once and know that it's going to happen again imminently. It's never changed has it? It's only elevated, if anything. Just like serial killers elevate with their kills after they get a taste for it. This creature likes to take the whole meal.

His memory fills with blood and pain and suffering that he couldn't comprehend if he hadn't lived through it already.

He doesn't know where this creature came from. He's never seen anything like it before. It's humanoid but monstrous enough to make all of Will's warning instincts kick in. Even more than that, he can sense its lack of humanity. No sympathy compared to its need to ravage. It's at least seven feet tall and made of jutting bones, wiry muscle, and charcoal black skin that burns hot. Will's never been able to fight it or outrun it. It clearly hasn't listened to any of his weak, last-effort begging either.

And, to his dismay, Will feels himself growing aroused.

The substance dripped down into his throat must be some sort of aphrodisiac. He refuses to believe that he wants any part of this. It's the closest thing to hell that he can think of, this

groundhog day amnesiac loop of torture and terror that he can't fight or escape. He holds his body stiff so he doesn't press his hips forward.

The thing rips apart his clothes. He'll be touched whether he likes it or not, but he can preserve his dignity by fighting it every step of the way.

He squirms and kicks away with the only result being sharper claws digging into his skin and pinning him down.

"Why? Why do you do it?" Will asks. As if the monster would listen to him. He's not even sure if it understands him or if it's just like any other animal following its instincts. How could Will blame it for its nature?

With his clothes off, the forest floor is distressingly cold and wet on his back. He's ended up here trying to run away so many times. He wonders if the creature likes to do this on the forest floor where rocks and sticks dig into his back and mud packs in his hair. Where the moon and stars shine above them and the woods come alive with the bugs and the nocturnal animals. Maybe he likes it when Will runs. It makes it more beastly.

It lifts Will's legs high and Will kicks with all his might, groaning with exertion.

The black claw moves from his thigh and grips his crotch, squeezing around his testicles and pressing down on the bottom of his shaft. It presses harder, and harder.

"Please." Will gasps sharp and high pitched. The pain jolts his stomach and makes him feel momentarily nauseous. Will curls his legs up higher into his chest and squeezes his eyes shut against the pain of its vice grip on his balls.

The creature lets go and Will resumes his struggling, spurred on by the pain, when the monster smacks him sharp on the testicles, and then again in quick succession.

Will whines, suddenly unable and also unwilling to move. Some of the days he fought harder ended up with the creature hitting, twisting, and biting his genitals until he thought they'd fall off and he can't go through that pain again.

Now that he's no longer struggling, the creature dips its head down and spits onto Will's hole. It slides a claw against him next, swirling the liquid around his rim before pressing inside of him, sharp nail first.

Will squeezes his eyes shut at the intrusion and tries to relax despite the pain he's in. It'll make this easier, that he knows.

The finger presses deep inside, spreading the spit up into him. It's strangely warm, tingling against his insides, and he squirms as the finger grazes his prostate over and over again. Pleasure flares all the way up to his gut and makes his mouth go dry. When the creature presses a second claw alongside the first, Will arches and keens instinctively.

He wants, oh he wants something, and surely it's not *this*, but he isn't sure anything else would help right now.

The creature removes its claw and Will is momentarily empty. He breathes in and out, in and out. There's no stopping what comes next, but it won't last forever, at least he can be certain of that.

But will it happen again and again until he dies? Caught in this trap, forgetting and remembering and not knowing why his body and mind are failing him in daily life?

It's not like anything he's ever studied or witnessed before in his long career of seeing the worst of humanity. Magic has come to his doorstep, this preternatural force that breaks him apart and puts him back together, erases his memory and gifts it back to him to feed off his terror.

The creature pulls up his cock to stroke it over Will's stomach. It's distressingly long, just as dark as the rest of it with a dripping, bulbous head and pumping veins up the side. It lines up over him like the monster is measuring how deep it will go inside of Will. The head nearly reaches to the bottom of his ribcage.

This is going to hurt. It always does.

Will covers his face with his hands in despair. The monster is almost gentle as it moves him, lifting his legs and propping the backs of Will's knees into his elbows as he presses forward, bending Will in half. It grabs Will's wrists and pries them from his face, pressing his arms into the dirt on either side of his head.

Will stares blearily up to the sky, considering his last moments of peace. The black head blurs in his vision as he tries to focus on the points of light above.

He still can't seem to breathe right and he doesn't know if it's out of fear or his injuries from the creature landing on him.

The creature adjusts and Will feels pressure against his ass, sliding over his cheeks until it catches on the rim and pushes.

Will jolts upward, already dizzy as the stars above streak across his vision. He's still empty. The cock didn't fit, pushing against him as he clenched instinctively.

The monster adjusts, pinning Will's wrists above his head in one hand, and grabbing his hip with the other to hold him.

Will whines at the slow, endless stretch as the monster increases the pressure. He shakes his head. He's never used to how big it feels. He feels a trickle of liquid down the side of his face and then the bulbous head pushes past the ring of muscle of his rim, holding him open for a moment. Will can't breathe.

It pushes further inside of him in one harsh push and Will chokes out an agonized gasp. It burns, tearing his skin and piercing his insides. It's so hard, giving him no mercy as it stretches Will apart.

The night sky above him pitches backward and Will's back arches to account for the mass making room inside of him. His mouth falls open and more tears blur his eyes.

The monster pounds into him. The blurs of light oscillate rapidly to and fro across his vision, streaking stars across his vision like street lamps along a highway. Like all the times he's driving home from work with the killers underneath his skin, tingling with desires partially sated. Some of the crimes he chases are unsatisfying in their kills, and some keep Will feeling fed for weeks. It's a similar kind of desire he feels for this monster that makes him ache and sicken in equal measure.

If he keeps staring past the monster, the sky and the trees blur into a hypnotic swirl between the curving antlers and it's easier to believe he's somewhere else. He can pretend he's entirely separate from his body and the spit or pre-come or blood dripping down his backside are not for him.

Suddenly, the creature's claw reaches up and grips Will's throat. He jolts at the sudden violence. The monster must have noticed that Will was slipping away inside of himself. Will thinks he knows it well enough by now to tell.

It squeezes tight enough to block off all his air and keep Will's head tilted so he can't see anything else but the silhouette of antlers. Will whines for air and the creature lets up for seconds at a time, keeping him breathing just enough.

The world seems to tilt with his dwindling sanity, showing Will the curvature of the earth as he's fucked into the wet earth.

It's kind of beautiful in a strange way. He's been here before. His monster is strong, relentless, and rhythmic. Humans clutch to patterns and consistency the way a baby cries when you stop rocking it in your arms. He feels just as small and naive when he's in its arms, his mind going peculiarly blank. Magic or the chemicals of its bodily fluids or the psychology of dealing with so much trauma, Will doesn't know. He just knows it feels kind of good.

It hurts, no doubt. Penetrating him deep inside, rubbing against the sensitive muscles, and pounding against his backside until he bruises. It's also stimulating like nothing else, tingling deep beneath his skin until it feels like it's rubbing the very core of him. His own cock, now hard, slaps repeatedly against his stomach with only the slightest of relief. He pulls his arms against the monster's grip, wishing he could grasp himself and squeeze out some of the building pressure.

The monster holds tight and speeds up instead, increasing the stimulation until Will is moaning with it, choking through the hand squeezing his throat, and feeling the slick of pre-come glide smoother and easier.

It jerks forward repeatedly and then growls, the first noise that Will has heard from it tonight. It's unsettling to have the rumbling in his ear, reminding him how close and real this all is.

God, what he'd do to have this all be another vivid dream. If he wasn't entirely certain of his reality right now, this could be just another nightmare that he doesn't remember when he

wakes up. He would make himself remember it and then never sleep again.

Will feels himself fill up inside with spitting liquid from the creature's member, warm and slimy. It's coming and pulsing against him for the endless stretch of a moment until it stops, breathing out with a gust of wind over Will's face. Finally, it pulls out.

Will screws up his face at the sensation. It's almost worse to be empty after. The come drips out of him with God only knows what other bodily fluids. He takes his chance to breathe in as deeply and calmly as he can muster while the creature continues to loom over him.

He looks back in the direction of his house through the woods. He wishes he could at least remember to keep the lights on. It would be a comfort to look back and imagine his boat on the sea. It would be a reminder that he will escape one day. He will float off into the fog and sink below the depths. One day it will be quiet.

The creature grabs his hips and flips him over, propping him up. Will adjusts his knees to a more comfortable position in the dirt and then lowers to his elbows. His limbs are shaking so much that it's hard to stay up. He lets his forehead fall to the earth and he breathes in the dewy smell of grass and mud, knowing what's to come.

The monster, already hardened again, pushes inside of him.

He cries out. His asshole already feels red raw and each drag of its thickness further irritates his skin. It presses in deeper at this angle, going harder with leverage.

One clawed hand reaches around to his face, lifting his head up by his chin and cheeks. One finger dips past his lips and presses down on his tongue, then against the back of his throat until Will is gagging and choking. The monster adds another finger, filling up Will's mouth.

Will bites down, gnawing at the hard flesh. It doesn't seem to hurt the monster, but it makes things at least slightly more endurable to give his fair share of violence back.

There are concave dips in the dirt where the monster has pressed his hips down. Its claws penetrate his skin into the spaces between his ribs. It hurts. Will is almost glad to feel it speed up and pound into him harder. The end is near, after God knows how long.

If only the end wasn't always the worst part.

It leans down over top of Will, snapping its hips forward again and again. Its mouth is close enough that Will can hear the vibrating rumble of its growl. Before he can even think to jerk away, the monster puts his face against Will's neck and *bites*.

Will yells out in pain. Its teeth feel just as sharp as its claws, piercing flesh instantly. Warm blood drips down his neck and Will pushes at the head weakly, but it keeps fucking him

through its release with his teeth latched on harshly. He can hear the gurgling sounds of it swallowing next to his ear.

It's that time of night, Will supposes. He might laugh if he wasn't caught up in his despair. After entertainment comes the monster's meal and the pain never gets easier.

Life flows out of him and into the woods below like how Abigail Hobbs flowed into her kitchen. His carotid artery, nicked, ripped.

Just like Abigail, he'll be cursed to wake up tomorrow and stay alive despite the horrors under his skin. He's starting to think it's no mercy at all. Maybe Abigail wishes he was a little slower with those shots too.

He grows dizzy and reaches for the light before him. Peace. A new world. Sleep, even, where none of it is actually real.

When he's thinking he might actually die this time, the creature finally slows and loosens its grip.

The monster leans down and licks along his throat, balling up spit to dribble down the wound. Will's skin tightens and pulls as it binds back together again, repairing flesh and veins with an ache that he clenches his teeth together to endure. It doesn't hurt as much as the bite did, but it's still deeply unsettling and painful.

His skin has been ripped apart a dozen times by the monster's teeth in his memory. How is he supposed to ever come back from that, magical healing spit be damned? In all ways but physical, he's already dead.

The monster moves down his body, dribbling over nicks and scratches and bruises, soothing over the aches so that Will will only feel the phantom pain by tomorrow. It presses down with his tongue flat against Will's ribs and he can't breathe for a moment as the bone sets and stitches back over the fracture inside of him.

It keeps healing him further and further down until it reaches his hole, pushing apart his legs like he did before to press his tongue deep inside Will, swirling around not for pleasure but to patch where he's torn. The pleasurable stimulation is still hard to ignore, so close but too painful for Will to really come.

Will is momentarily weightless as the monster picks him up. He feels small cradled in its arms. It's deceivingly protective to be held and it's hard not to lean into that comfort, even from the thing that hurt him in the first place.

"Ever think about killing me for good?" Will mutters to its chest. "I'm not religious. I don't care if you necrophile me until my meat rots off my bones."

It doesn't reply. What did Will expect? He doesn't even know if it knows language.

"Is there a reason you chose me? Maybe you have time to ravage a few other victims in the night, but I'm not going to lie, this feels personal. What did I do to deserve it?" Will asks.

It might be his imagination, but he thinks the monster squeezes him a bit tighter. It feels almost possessive.

It's not too bad to be wanted like that when there's so little else going for him in his life.

Is this what he's come to? Suicidal ideation and hopelessness? He's never been the most optimistic, he holds value in the little things—his dogs, his hobbies, the good he can do at his job—but has never romanticized life the way others do. He holds parts of himself back because that's what it takes for him to be a good man. He has enough self-preservation to take care of himself without considering his life more important than anyone else's.

It doesn't feel particularly extreme to wish for death over this suffering. What else is making his life worth living?

Even as he thinks it, he resents the train of thought. It's not just about his life. It's about surrendering to this monster. He is too determined to give up so easily.

They bounce slightly with each step up the porch steps, and then the monster bends nearly in half to re-enter Will's house.

The dogs cower away from them and Will is grateful they're not trying to defend him, lest they get hurt too.

The creature takes Will straight to the bathroom and sets him into the porcelain tub, turning on the tap so the shower sprays down on him. It's one of the most surreal parts of their routine. Will knows it's to get rid of the evidence as he watches a startling amount of blood and dirt swirl down the drain, but it feels an awful lot like care. It's unnervingly human, especially as the monster scrubs down his skin with warm water, wipes him with the nearest towel, and then helps him into a replacement pair of his pyjamas.

He should fight now when the monster thinks he's too passive and weak and won't expect it. Really, though, he knows he's not going to beat it with brute strength. If anything, deception is his only hope.

It carries him to bed and tucks him under the covers.

Will breathes heavily, thinking about what he's considering.

"Wait," he calls.

The creature pauses and tilts its head. It almost reminds Will of a dog with the action, if only it wasn't so menacing in its slow movements.

Will reaches down below the sheets and grabs himself.

"One more time. I'm still…" Will strokes himself hard enough that he doesn't need to fake the gasp that rips out of his throat.

The monster turns to face him directly. Will's cheeks heat in anticipation. He doesn't know if it understands him, but he thinks it might.

“I want you. Please,” Will whispers, as convincingly as he can. It’s not too hard to find the part inside of him that’s started to enjoy being taken care of in this way. The part that knows he might even be able to come if he’s fucked again.

As he expected, the monster can’t deny its lust. It understands, in its own kind of way, and it’s selfish enough to take what it can get. The monster stalks toward him and Will’s stomach churns in his gut. He kicks further up his headboard instinctively, but the monster is on him fast and pulling him down.

He lies passively as the monster takes off his clothes again. It pushes up Will’s hip and bends close mouth first, licking between the crevice of Will’s ass and against his rim. Will breathes deeply to relax enough for it to slip its tongue inside, pressing down to the thicker part of the slick appendage that spreads open his rim. Will already feels completely healed and as tight as before. He’s ripping himself open again for a plan that might not even work.

It feels good though, it really does now. He can allow himself to act like he wants it this time.

He sighs out and grabs the antlers at the thickest part near the base and pulls the creature's head closer and deeper. He’s never touched it here, and it’s smoother than he expected. He feels up and down the length of it and to the sharp edges as he gyrates against the pressure inside of him.

Its tongue curls against his prostate and Will groans, rolling his head back.

It’s better in his own bed. He clings to his pillow with one hand and indulges in the mirage of safety with the comparable comfort of his soft sheets.

It eventually pulls away and Will feels a lick of shame crawl up his gut. He’s being *raped,* he can’t be enjoying this. He turns sideways and curls up at the sickening feeling churning his gut.

The monster lets him twist away, crawling up close when Will is laying sideways.

It pushes one leg up toward his chest and straddles the other, pressing its cock against his hole while Will lays sideways. Will pulls the pillow not under his head close enough to clutch between his teeth.

He clenches the sheets tight while the monster presses inside, tearing him open again. It takes some effort to push through the ring of muscle and then it grinds deeper and deeper until it’s close to bottoming out. Will isn’t certain it could fit all of it if it tried.

Will lifts the arm closest to the monster over his head and holds onto the headboard, exposing his naked torso and twisting it into the monster’s view.

As he expected, the monster is quick to touch what’s his, dragging nails over the bumps of his ribs and down the middle of his chest, stroking back up to circle and flick his nipples hard enough that he gasps in air through his teeth.

The claw travels down further and Will flinches when it nicks his stomach.

He needs to bleed for this plan to work. It doesn't make it much easier to endure.

The bed moves as the monster fucks him harder, creaking obnoxiously where the legs meet the base and banging against the wall. It's suddenly very clear that Will hasn't gotten laid since he moved into this house or he'd have fixed that before it damaged the drywall. Now he thinks it's for the best. He needs more evidence.

As it speeds up, the monster twists its claw deeper into the soft skin of Will's abdomen. Will shouts in pain as it stabs an inch through the muscle, then twists again so that blood seeps up around the claw and dribbles down his stomach.

Will instinctively pushes at the arm but it barely budges, digging further into the sensitive skin and dragging his flesh side to side with its thrusts.

He feels so tired after the events of the whole night that he barely has any energy to fight it. It doesn't feel like he has any adrenaline left to dull the pain either.

He coughs out wracking sobs when the monster finally removes its claw and sticks it into its mouth to taste. Then the hand returns and finds a spot on the other side of his stomach to stick into.

Will moans out a long "*No…"* but the pain comes anyway with the sharp nail digging between the cells of his skin.

This can be the last time he endures this, if only he manages to get away. He touches his own wound and then pulls away to grab the headboard again.

The monster might be able to replace or clean his sheets of all the blood pouring down, but if Will can put evidence somewhere else that it can't find, then he can send himself a damn effective message to get the hell out of this place.

Under his pillow, below the mattress where the headboard meets it, dripped onto the floor, Will tries to spread his own blood as far as he can while pretending to squirm in pain. He's terrified to be caught doing something wrong, but the monster seems so preoccupied with cutting through the skin on his stomach and nibbling little bits of flesh that Will won't miss.

With the relentless cock pounding inside of him and a claw that reaches deeper than it ever has before, hitting the very core of him and threatening to rip out his organs, Will orgasms in a series of intensely painful spurts all over himself.

He subsequently blacks out in a mess of his bodily fluids with a monster above him that has penetrated him in all kinds of ways, and all the pain dissipates into a sea of blood around him.

Will wakes with a panicked jolt.

He pushes up on his elbow and looks rapidly around the room for the threat, but there's nothing there but his restless dogs and dust floating through the sun rays in the air.

Just a dream. Another dream. He still can't remember what's been making him wake up with so much terror, but he almost thinks he should be grateful he doesn't know with this fear it's left him with.

He waits a minute for his heart to calm. As much as his rational mind tells him that it couldn't have been anything more than a bad dream, the fear coursing through his veins makes him too on edge and alert to calm down.

He assesses the immediate space around him. His clothes, his bed, his skin is all the same, even if he's particularly sore today. Maybe he should look into getting a new mattress, but this one doesn't *feel* unsupportive.

He sits up and turns his body to plant his feet on the floor.

He leans forward and looks around on the ground and then sees, right between his feet, a single drop of brown liquid, the colour and consistency he knows in his bones to be blood.

His entire body goes numb.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will is different when he comes to his next appointment, and it isn't just because he's dying.

Maybe it's his shifty gaze, or the speed with which he pushes past Hannibal into the office. It might be something in his eyes, or his smell, or just a certain atmosphere to the place. Hannibal would be the first to admit that Will isn't easy to predict, but he has better instincts than most.

"Forgive me for saying, but you look… haunted," Hannibal tells him, sitting in his chair as hesitantly as Will does.

Will bobs his head a few times. He sounds strange when he speaks, an inflection of sarcasm that Hannibal would guess is a coping mechanism more than anything.

"I want to talk to you about dreams, Doctor. Dreams, nightmares, night terrors…"

"A kind of haunting, certainly."

"…and when they bleed into reality."

Hannibal considers him. "Understandable. Recurring nightmares can cause a positive feedback loop of stress and insomnia that interfere with your daily psychological health."

Will regards him sternly. "I don't really need the medical definition right now."

Hannibal crosses his leg, picks at an invisible spot of lint. A mask of meticulousness, a play to be pristine.

"The word nightmare comes from the Old English mare, a malicious entity in folklore. Think Fuseli's *The Nightmare*."

"Yeah," Will whispers. "That's more like it."

"Traced back to its Proto-Indo-European root 'mer,' to crush, press, oppress. Thus the demon on the chest."

"And then the incubus, succubus, that's a bit more than pressing."

"To lie upon or beneath, to hatch."

"Hatch?"

"It shares its etymology with incubate. Though of course some myths involve impregnation from sexual demons."

Will shivers. “I found blood by my bed this morning. I have no cuts on my body.”

“Could it be that your sleepwalking—”

“With all due respect, I think I need to say better safe than sorry for once. I don’t want any more rational explanations. I want to survive what’s happening to me, and if in the end that amounts to running away from my life and the FBI, then so be it. I don’t need to know any better.”

“That’s a very rash decision, Will. I don’t need to tell you that psychological symptoms will not be run from.”

“Yeah, well, people don’t get the fuck out of their haunted houses enough. And if it’s just me, and my body’s haunted? Fuck that, I’ll take my other out.”

Will pushes himself up from the chair and strides toward the door with purpose.

“Will.”

Hannibal wonders if he will leave without another word, but Will stops with his hand on the doorknob.

“I came here because I like you, Hannibal.” He turns back half way, but keeps his eyes on the floor. “I appreciate how you’ve tried. Our conversations have been more of a balm for my life than you know. I thought about how I should leave a note or something like that behind, but I realized the only person I genuinely wanted to say goodbye to was you.”

Hannibal stands up to face him directly but Will refuses to meet his eye.

“You don’t need to be alone in this, not with me here, but if you leave now you will be alone.”

“I’d rather be alone than keep going through this.”

“Through what exactly, Will?”

“I gotta go. Goodbye, Hannibal.”

Will yanks opens and slams the door with equal strength.

Hannibal doesn’t often make mistakes, but he doesn’t often do what he does with Will either.

He takes, but not in this way. He consumes, but not like this. Occasionally, perhaps, he’ll follow an urge, but he doesn’t attach himself to humans, not like the way that others like him make their petty little deals.

But other humans don’t sustain him this much without their deaths.

Will knows somehow, at least some of it, and it’s a thrilling concept as much as it's an inconvenient one. He’ll be damned if he loses Will before he gets his meal. He hasn’t spent months sampling him and cultivating him to give up on the chase now. He is supposed to reach the edge of death, that tender, potent line, as far or farther than he can possibly push him.

The only issue is that Hannibal is losing his memory of their nights. And that means he’s losing control.

Hannibal gets in his car and drives before he can think about it.

He’s lucky he has the ability to monitor Will throughout daily life with his occupation, especially as it gets harder to hold on and clean up after himself each night. Will’s been closer to death in the last few weeks than even he realizes. But now Will wants to go away where he may very well die anyway, slipping further and further away until he wouldn’t exist in Hannibal’s world anymore.

He’s driving, following Will home, and it feels all wrong. The panic rises. He fits uncomfortably in the cabin and it’s getting harder to keep his foot steady on the pedal. He doesn’t know how to comprehend these precise little human mechanics of control. The careful boundary with which his human mirage takes over is receding by the second. Control. He usually has this under control.

His view through the window whips sideways past his vision and renders him weightless for a moment before his neck cracks.

When it halts, he’s grateful to pounce through the glass and take to the woods instead, stretching upwards briefly to pop back the bone in his neck. It’s unfamiliar to be here when the sun is still dipping below the horizon, shining too bright on his midnight flesh, but he knows where he needs to go.

Consumption. It’s what drives a creature like him. He’s both more hedonistic and more patient than most. He waits for the church to collapse to devour each and every bit of the congregation, an apt metaphor for his tastes. He’s never been in need, but he’s always been hungry.

He halts mid-run and buckles over. His nails dig into the dry dirt, scraping past rocks and bark before he tears out handfuls of the earth. He puts his mouth to his palm and fills himself with dirt, gulping back once before it regurgitates back up with a splash of sizzling bile. He’s been eating, he swears he’s been eating, more than even usual. The hunger pains only feel worse.

If Will disappears, he will surely starve without the specific sustenance he brings to a creature like Hannibal. A fulfillment more wholly satisfying than any simple slab of meat. Without him, he will be doomed to the insanity that could only come from a desperate kind of hunger. It will reduce him to his baser instincts. Already he feels like a victim to his cravings, nothing more than a greedy animal. He feels too far gone.

In the distance, there's a heartbeat. A weaker one below that, stifled into a mere mumble. A family. The most unbreakable bond that humans have.

The creature that calls itself Hannibal in the light of day turns toward the noise.

Will Graham is hastily packing when he finally arrives. Hannibal usually waits until he is sleeping, as is his usual manner of hunt. There is no reason to be patient now. The farce is over.

Hannibal slips silently into the living room, eliciting a few growls from the dogs. Will stands, stiffens, and then turns to face him.

He flinches at what he sees, but he doesn't look particularly surprised. Will's irises roll back as he takes in the height of the antlers.

"You don't usually show yourself in the light," Will comments.

Hannibal tilts his head. He shouldn't remember. Will furrows his eyebrows as if he's confused too.

"I guess a lot more comes to the surface than is desired with enlightenment." His eyes shift to Hannibal's side. "Wait. What is that?"

Hannibal descends upon him. To Will's credit, he moves fast, lurching for his shotgun, but Hannibal's strides are twice as long and he's on him quickly.

He tackles Will onto the bed and stretches out to pin him down without dropping the object in his hand. He waits for Will to stop struggling and indulges in the fear in his eyes. Will squeezes his eyes shut as if he's too scared to look at the monster above him, but when he opens them it's with determination and knowing. Will's gift has always been to look.

A flash in his pupils—but it's impossible that Will could recognize him in this state.

Hannibal feels an uncertainty he never has before under this audience of one, this man who inexplicably sees more than he ever should. It's not enough to stop him. It makes the need to possess him almost unbearably strong.

He shreds Will's clothes with his claws and Will resumes his struggling, as fruitless as it is. He catches his own skin on sharp nails and doesn't seem to care through the panic. Hannibal

struggles to bring their lips together until he can press his tongue inside Will's mouth and prod at the fleshy part at the back of his throat. Will bites down hard, gnawing through his tongue—a commendable effort, if only pain meant much to him in this state.

Nothing else matters much in this state but flesh within flesh, that particular euphoria he's never been able to eke from any human or demon.

He regurgitates his spit at the back of his throat and lets it pour down into Will's mouth, holding his tongue at his throat so he can't spit it out. His aphrodisiac, his gift to Will to share in his pleasure.

And share he does, pushing one of Will's legs up to his chest. He takes his spit-dripping tongue and presses it to Will's hole, which clenches and fights against his intrusion like always no matter their practice. With the sensitive flesh of his tongue, he can feel the lines of scarring inside Will that never quite healed in entirety, or at least that Hannibal never bothered to see to their smooth completion.

It's where he fits so perfectly. Where he feels he belongs. He can't be bothered with patience today; he scrapes back up Will's body and forces inside, only managing the tip of his cock as Will fights to get away. He cries out, his eyes bulging as he rams further, further, fighting to make room.

Will sobs. "What's different about tonight, huh?"

Hannibal pulls out and fucks back in to get deeper, releasing a huff of air in relief. Will clutches around his wrists as his face screws up in pain, but when Hannibal pulls out halfway he opens his mouth to speak again.

"You came during the day, you don't even chase me…. You let me remember—or was that all me?"

He starts fucking him in earnest, as hard as it is through the overwhelming tightness, and Will starts panting in time with it.

"You knew I was leaving… you're attached. Almost domestic, fucking me in bed because you can't wait."

It's dizzying to hear Will describe him. An acknowledgment of their bond. He speeds up and the headboard hits the wall so hard that it drowns out Will's voice.

He yells over it anyway. "Can you stop me forever? Maybe you can. And if I die?"

He slows at the thought, twitching inside of Will. Would Will kill himself to escape? He would need to watch him forever. He would need to tie him to Hannibal. He would need to give him something—

Something to live for, yes. It's what his instincts were screaming before he thought consciously. It's why he couldn't help himself but to retrieve the dripping, gelatinous ball of flesh he holds in his fist.

He fucks Will with a new confidence and sets one hand on Will's stomach.

"It is different, what are you going to do?" he hears Will say. There's fear in his voice again, that shakiness he had when he said he wanted to run away. Proof that he understands Hannibal even in this form that couldn't be any further away from human.

He scrapes his hand on Will's stomach inward, feeling around the fleshy part of Will's gut, poking between organs.

Just below the stomach, with the removal of some intestine for space, he thinks.

Will struggles. Perhaps he'll have to tie Will's hands back with the disposed intestine. The thought is amusing.

Without further ado, he slices into Will's skin with his nail, cutting through each dermal layer to open him up. Will howls. The dogs bark. It's all inconsequential, Hannibal has never felt this single-minded before. His mattress below pools with the blood spilling from his gut and sloshes with every movement.

The anatomical knowledge comes back to him through little more than muscle memory, something he can vaguely recognize as a facet of his human persona. He widens the cut in a long horizontal stretch, pressing into Will's anus as he goes, enraptured by his guts. He's distantly aware of Will pleading for him to stop from below.

When he widens the cut enough, he's able to get a fistful of Will's intestines. He admires the bloodied guts over his fingers for a long, quiet moment, and reckons from the silence that Will has finally passed out. He won't die here at least, not with Hannibal's control over life and death.

It doesn't take long for him to come to again, while Hannibal pulls things out of him and fills him back up again, his thoughts turning to a frenzy as he does so.

Will is unfortunate not to have the biological parts conducive to reproduction, but he can make do with a little convenient transplant. His by blood or not, Will must conceive his offspring and be inescapably bound.

He fills Will with this new part and subsequently comes inside of him, overcome with the bliss of their union. Will twitches below him, his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

With his seed filling Will already, he bends down and lets a glob of spit fall over the dead muck of the uterus he stole. It will heal. It will grow, faster than any human could alone. He licks along the cut across Will's gut and watches Will's body tie itself back together with a braid of skin cells.

He hasn't felt this energized in a long time. He thought he'd been accepting his true nature but he never was, not until now. He'd been bored and hungry but he's never been as sated as he is now—or at least will be when this all comes to fruition.

Will pants below him, drenched in sweat from the trauma. His eyes flicker around the room like he's seeing things again.

"What did you do? What did you *do?*" he gasps.

Hannibal grinds into him and watches his stomach bulge before his very eyes.

Will goes very pale and very still for a long while. Outside the world has gone dark, though Hannibal can't seem to comprehend exactly how long it's been.

The bed is an ocean of blood too thick to dry, and it's the only evidence that his stomach was split apart just before. Hannibal is powerful. He gives life and he takes it away—the latter being more his speed. Tonight he supposes he's chosen the former, tripling his clan after an eternity alone.

He cannot simply make Will like him, but he can keep his heart beating long past the cessation of humanity. A daughter is his gift, to make that stretch more bearable between the nights they'll have together. Inevitably Hannibal will need to feed elsewhere. He doesn't want his companion to be bored.

He fucks him unhurriedly with the panic of their anticipated end no longer hanging over his head, more warming his cock than anything. He always thought nothing could compare to the act of consuming someone whole, but watching his cock disappear over and over again, he thinks he can find that euphoria in the relative mundane if it's Will Graham. At some point even the hunger pangs start to feel exquisite. It's worth it for the bloating body below him.

Will starts to squirm below him. Hannibal can tell the moment he gains lucidity by the sharp, pained gasps he sucks in through his teeth. His arm falls instinctively over his stomach and his eyes shoot open at what he feels.

His stomach bulges outward with dozens of vertical lines like worms up his skin where the dermal stretches past what it can handle. He looks ready to burst, having extended his stomach at least five times its size. Hannibal is mesmerized watching it grow, tracing the outline of his stomach with his claws.

"You can't be serious," Will gasps. Every movement he makes seems to tighten his insides as his guts shift to make room for the growing mass.

Hannibal thinks he's never been so serious about anything before.

He cups Will's cheek with his hand, covering almost the entire side of his head. There's a warmth spreading through his entire body at the thought of having him forever. Will squirms uncomfortably below him, struggling to maintain eye contact.

Will gulps. “Hey,” he says, as if he hasn’t had Hannibal’s full, undivided attention for the past few months.

“Stop hiding from me at least. If you want me that badly, then show yourself. Give me something.”

It’s an enticing thought, to be seen by Will Graham in full. He’s already looked upon him at his most monstrous, what could it be to share it with his most human?

Rejection, he realizes, is the fear keeping him back; if Will was to look away from him for good what would he do?

He’s almost ready anyway. Everything will be different. He lets his mouth stretch into the approximation of a smile and sets a sharp nail just below Will’s belly button. He keeps himself deep inside of Will so he can feel every twitch of his lower self in this ultimate consummation of theirs.

“I feel so full, why, why did you...”

Will chokes on his own sob and shakes his head before the cut even comes, scrunching up his face enough that he forces tears out the corners of his eyes. Hannibal wonders if he knows the answer to his question already.

Will is nearly set to burst, so he presses his nail down and cuts Will open for the second time. His skin splits open around the stretching mass as he cuts further down. Will sobs, coughs, and gags, pushing Hannibal away fruitlessly. Sweat beads on his forehead and drips down his temples, but it’s nothing compared to the new gush of blood flooding his mattress. Hannibal keeps cutting despite the gore each slice uncovers. He recognizes the massive amount of agony that Will must be in, especially after being cut open once before. Adrenaline would have flooded his system and left Will weak and incapable of enduring this kind of trauma. His best hope now is to go into shock.

He brushes Will’s hair back with his other hand, soothing him as best he can even though he mostly just manages to muck up his bangs with his own blood and sweat.

“Shhhh.”

He could reach entirely inside of Will now, but he cuts deeper for the fetus. It’s grown big with Hannibal’s powers imbued inside. Hannibal will forever be part of it this way.

“I can’t… I can’t take anymore….”

“You can.”

Will’s eyes flutter open and closed as he tries to focus on something. When he finally settles on Hannibal, his pupils dilate and he doesn’t look away.

“Good, you are doing so good…”

“Get it out, get it *out—”*

His hands plunge deep into the warmth of Will's guts, gripping around the foreign mass in the cavity of his abdomen. It almost seems to attach to the flesh around it, but it comes free easily with Hannibal's efforts. Lifting it, the sack spreads wide open and reveals the bloody, pale appendages of a small human, so delicate in form it's impossible to tell what it really comes from. As it breaches the cut skin of Will's stomach, ripping him beyond what should be humanly possible, his panicked noises escalate into a blood-curdling scream.

Hannibal pulls it through Will's thrashing resistance. He freezes when it slips free, momentarily dumbfounded by the creature in his hands.

"Oh," he exclaims, breathless.

Will pants, vocalizing each breath with a pained moan. He lays nearly torn in two, staring in wonder at the state of his body and the squirming thing that came out of it.

"Take it," Hannibal says gently, shoving the baby to Will's chest. He cups it protectively against his neck but doesn't look away from Hannibal.

"You," he whispers.

Hannibal tilts his head in confusion, and then realizes his slip. He lifts his hands to his face and twists them to look at his short, stubbed fingers and pale skin below the coating of blood and muck. He's still pressed deep inside Will, warmed by his insides, but he's shrunk significantly. He's even spoken to Will, too preoccupied with comforting him to realize just how human he's become.

He gulps back the fear a creature like him has no reason to have. He steadies his voice.

"Trust me, Will. I'm going to take the pain away now."

Despite the betrayal he's sure he heard in his voice, Will visibly relaxes beneath him, pulling the baby tight.

Hannibal, in full awareness of how his body changes this time, feels himself grow. His limbs extend, his bones press on his form, and his skin thickens into his true strength. Two antlers sprout from his skull and twist toward the ceiling. He looms over Will at his full height, made up of his monstrous armour in every atom of his body, but he still feels unsettlingly like he does in his human form.

He still wants to care for Will.

He leans down to the jagged crater of flesh in his abdomen, pushing his face entirely inside. He feels Will grab onto one antler from above, clutching tightly as if to keep himself steady.

With his long tongue, Hannibal licks over the traumatized flesh inside of him, pulling intestines half into his mouth and letting his spit coat every inch. He skims his teeth over his liver as the temptation grows to feast on Will from within. His smell has changed and surely his taste has too, marinated into the sweetest combination of hope and pain a human could

have, but Hannibal knows if he started now he may never stop until he's consumed completely.

He builds up spit in the back of his throat and retches it out. Will heals before his eyes, coming together whole again. He gets lost in the transformation from organs to flesh to skin, knowing he doesn't want this to be the last time he digs this deep inside of Will.

Will moans in relief as Hannibal takes the pain away. He leans forward and bites through the umbilical cord of he gurgling baby. All is in its right place, but blood still covers every inch of the bed and more.

Hannibal swoops Will up in a bridal carry, who clutches onto the baby as Hannibal takes them to the bathtub.

He sets them inside and crouches down on the tile, still dripping blood. He turns on the tap and splashes warm water over them and watches the blood wash away, uncovering a simple, tired man cradling a baby, baptized in his own blood, tight to his chest. Hannibal thinks he'll never let them go.

"Hannibal…" Will whispers, letting his body fall toward Hannibal as he sinks into the tub.

Chapter End Notes

you ever write an outline for a fic and then realize it actually made no sense at all? i still cant decide if i was delusional or inspired, but hey, i'm just here for the sexy torture ❤️

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